

Portraits of the Author as AM*

To the barricades in army jacket, many-pocketed, and
'gainst no urban ruin of black, flattened Newark,
rather backyard garage, cropped
plastic barrels.

Irish Buddha in tweeds n' pipe.
(Sure n' enough said on THAT paucity.)
Fireplace.

Oh Summery porch! Outsized t-shirt
depicting endangered species, creeping
shorts. Wrinkly-

winkely asexual nebbish, ultra
politically correct.
Ocean.

Shiny lumberjack on soft-focus tree--has worked
with hands, (visible scratch on one) culling underbrush.
Hot tub.

Wall Street Clone (the times they were a
changin') no bone to pick

or in his pants. Harmonious buildings,
half-lit.

Baseball jacket and cap, yet tie,
blasted urban visionary loosened, plus Joe Fan.
Playground.

(Inject latest example here.)

*AM=asshole of the moment